

Bring
Your Job Work
to
This Office.

Hopkinsville, Kentucky.

Watch The Date
AFTER YOUR NAME
—AND—
Renew promptly

VOL. XIV.—NO. 29.

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1892.

\$2.00 A YEAR.



A Thin Pocket Book

Generally has a hard road to travel, but when you brace it up with such helps as "honest prices" and "honest goods" it can accomplish wonders. A thin pocket book goes further at our store than a fat one elsewhere, for we are constantly treating the public to such offers as these.

To-Day We Will Offer

16 dozen Silk Windsor Ties, new and choice effects, at 10c each.
Actual value 25c

128 Swatches of fine Lace Curtains, beautiful qualities and patterns, for doors, short windows and vestibule drapery.
Marvelous price 13c each

Beautiful full bleached German Linen Table Damask with rich fast color Broche Border and Center, a bargain at 75c.
Special Friday price 50c

40 in. all wool Henrietta Cloth, colors limited, at the gate.
Friday's price 39c

Fine linen Chambray Gingham, (not ordinary Chambray) soft and beautiful in quality, worth 20c a yard.
Friday only 10c

Ladies imported full regular hose, made in Germany. 2 pair for 25c.

40 in. all wool Chevron and Diagonal Dress Goods, beautiful mixtures, worth 60c.
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Our variety in Dress Goods is fully equal to the variety of weather that is the requisite of this month.

SEE OUR PERFECT LINE.

BASSETT & CO.
HOPKINSVILLE'S GREATEST STORE.

NEW
—AND—
Beautiful Line
—OF—
WASH STAND SETS,
—FROM—
\$3.25 to \$16.00

Elegant
Dinner Sets
Made up
To suit
Customers
In price
And quality.

Good White Cup and
Saucer — 5c
Best quality Table Gob-
lets or Tumblers 5c each

We are headquarters for
Hammocks,
Croquet Sets,
Baby Carriages,
Bird Cages
and other **SPRING**
GOODS.
BRYAN & TANDY.

A PRAIRIE SONG.

The wild prairie children are smiling to see me,
And waving their hands down by the pasture gate.
I walk and sing and listen down the valley,
And wait for some one who'll meet me on my way.
The wild prairie children are smiling to see me,
And waving their hands down by the pasture gate.
I walk and sing and listen down the valley,
And wait for some one who'll meet me on my way.

Point! Point! Point!
Some more prairie children are smiling to see me,
And waving their hands down by the pasture gate.
I walk and sing and listen down the valley,
And wait for some one who'll meet me on my way.

Point! Point! Point!
Some more prairie children are smiling to see me,
And waving their hands down by the pasture gate.
I walk and sing and listen down the valley,
And wait for some one who'll meet me on my way.

A SHATTERED IDOL.

Why Hasty Hyde Still Keeps Her Maiden Name.

My name is Hasty Hyde. People call me an old maid—at least not a young one—and I intend to remain so. I have never been married, and I don't intend to be. I am thirty-five and not absolutely ugly; at least when I look in the glass I am reflected there a good, fresh countenance, sparkling hazel eyes and an abundance of brown hair. I might have married two or three times, only I wasn't really in love. I dare say you're not, either. I don't know, but I can show the letters of declaration up in my writing desk now—old squirrel fence, Rev. Mr. Popplethorne and Dr. Rindford. So there!

When Clarence Raymond, a hater, came down to spend the vacation with his aunt, Mrs. Rindford—yes, the doctor married, after all, wife much more suitable in point of material years than I could have been, and I didn't care, not I—I must confess to a little womanly flutter around the heart for he was tall and handsome and, in short, just the hero of romance that I had always dreamed about.

"Hasty," said Mrs. Rindford, "you were quite confidential friends, you and called our son another Hasty and Pamela and borrowed each other's books and all that sort of thing. Hasty, I think Clarence rather favored you."

"The joy!" said I, feeling the tell-tale blushes come into my face, and my heart began to thump beneath the skirt of my Valenciennes and pink ribbon that I had taken to wearing every day.

"I am certain of it," said Mrs. Rindford, "and how nice it will be to have you here again."

That evening Clarence asked me if I was really his, and, of course, I said "yes."

It was very nice to be engaged. He gave me a lovely cream ring, diamond and more antique than any diamond could have been—it had been his mother's, he said—and he presented me the delicious poetry and that after that they were engaged.

One evening, just after Clarence had come in from his usual evening walk in town, Uncle Nathan came to visit me.

Clarence Nathan was one of those people of whom we are apt to see, in common with novelties and fashions. "Why were they ever created?" He was a venerable old gentleman with silver hair that fell over the collar of his bottle-green coat and cloth shoes that irrevocably reminded one of a black pussy cat, and he took snuff and talked through his nose.

"Harris," said Uncle Nathan, "is this true?"

"All this false-talk about your being engaged to a man ten years younger than yourself, Harris? Hasty, I thought you had better sense."

"It only five years, Uncle Nathan," said I, putting. "And I suppose I can get engaged without sending to my relations for a permit?"

"Harris, this is not a subject to be dipped into," said Uncle Nathan. "You may depend upon it that this young man is a mere fortune-hunter. You have property, Harris, and he has found it out."

"My dear, my dear, don't get excited," said the intolerable old gentleman, tapping upon the lid of his snuff box. "You are not a child, Harris, and yet you act like a sentimental schoolboy. Let's talk the matter calmly over."

"I decline to discuss it," was my dignified reply. "My mind is made up, and no amount of meddling interference will ever induce me to alter it. So my Uncle Nathan went away, and I sat down to make out a memorandum of the things I should require for I had resolved not to buy my things at the little shops in London and I had to make a special journey to London on that business. Ah, the delight of revelling over some full of choice fine lace, billows of bridal silks, and colors of tulle. It brought the color to my cheek only to take it off. And, besides, was it not necessary that Harris's wife should have all the custom required? I didn't care for myself so much, but I was determined

not to disgrace Clarence.

So, one radiant September day, when the sky was as blue as the bluest ribbon, and the very leaves hung motionless in the yellow atmosphere like little ships of amber in a sea of gold, I took the early train from Liverpool with a sense of fullness and pride, and didn't mean to part with any of my crisp bank notes except for value received.

I felt a little dazed at first, and scarcely ventured to look around me for it seemed as if everybody must know that I was going to buy my wedding outfit.

If I attempt to tell you anything about the adventures of that day I know I shall be accused. Women could perhaps understand how I felt in the whirlwind of those great circles of fashion that exist only in London.

I bought the wedding dress—white, simple, and a veil of tulle suspended from a pearl of orange blossoms—myself, and a blue silk and a peach-colored silk, and a maroon silk, and—near me! what is the use of cataloguing them? Other girls have been bride-cloth before, and they'll know what I mean. And for the shoes, I haven't just let them wait until their turn comes.

And then, as the sun began to decline on his westerly way, I felt excessively anxious to get home, and I was thinking of a "there is no ladies' restaurant near here?" I asked.

"One of the shops went with me to the door to point out a glittering establishment, with its windows full of delicacies. I entered and sat down, feeling very much as if I was an impostor and ordered a small soup, venturing very much to look at the place around a little after the waiter had slipped away, and Dickens is always right. And for the shoes, I haven't just let them wait until their turn comes.

"Oh, how pretty she is!" thought I. "How proud her lover must be of her!"

I leaned forward the least bit in the world to see the young man in question. Good Heaven, it was my Clarence! And as I sat staring, completely transfixed from his look by the golden hair and lilac willow plumes, I could hear a light, peculiar laugh.

"You have only yourself to blame for it, Kate," he said. "You wouldn't leave me."

"That's no reason for throwing your self away, is it?" he pouted.

"She's a desperate old maid," said Clarence, "and she's the best. And as I sat staring, completely transfixed from his look by the golden hair and lilac willow plumes, I could hear a light, peculiar laugh."

"The idea of carrying such a thing as that next your heart," said she.

"It does seem rather outrageous, doesn't it?" he said. "But when we were once married, all that sort of thing will be over. I'll see that she finds her level."

"Yes, when?" thought I, now thoroughly disconcerted. And I got up and hurried out of the restaurant, nearly tripping in my haste over the waiter, bearing on a silver tray my small tortoise soup.

"I've changed my mind," said I, flinging a coin to him. To this day I don't know whether it was a shilling or a sovereign. "Never mind the soup. I took the next train to Liverpool and wrote a scathing note to Clarence the same evening. Do you want to know what was in it? Of course, like all women's letters, the best of it was in the postscript:

Our engagement is at an end. If it is, the next time you visit a lady's parlor, please to remember that it might well be a woman's neighbor.

Clarence had some sense after all. He never came near me with snatches of sympathy. I gave the wedding dress to a little Miller, who was to be married in October and couldn't afford a trousseau. I suppose I shall wear out the blue, the peach color and the maroon in time. Oh, I forgot to say that Mrs. Rindford was very angry.

Since that Clarence had promised to pay her one thousand pounds that he had borrowed of her when he had got hold of my money. And I am thankful from the bottom of my heart that I still remain Hasty Hyde—how little.

How the Master contrived to get all the plans. The following story is told of a man, "You may depend upon it that this young man is a mere fortune-hunter. You have property, Harris, and he has found it out."

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"The Queen's" Prize Problem.

Mr. A. and Mr. B. have to cut down a mighty tree. The time 'twill take for Mr. A. this mighty tree alone to slay, is sixty minutes—standard time. Beneath D's blow, the bark willings grow to the ground in half that time. The question now we ask of thee, is how long 'twill take to cut this tree if both begin—one on each side—and then their labor do divide?

The Queen will give an elegant Mason & Rich or Stetson fine tined Upright Piano to the first person answering the above problem correctly. An elegant gold watch for the second correct answer; a China dinner set for the third correct answer; an elegant Silk dress pattern for the fourth correct answer; and many other valuable prizes. Valuable special prizes will be given for the first correct answer from each State. Each person answering must enclose fifty U. S. two cent stamps for "The Canadian Queen's" and the latest and most popular piece of fifty cent copyrighted music, and during the past year cut out, together with copy of the Queen containing full particulars. The object of offering these prizes is to increase the circulation of "The Queen," which already has the largest circulation of any publication in Canada. By sending to-day you may secure a valuable prize. Address The Canadian Queen, "X," Toronto, Canada.

The protrusion after the grip is entirely unimportant. It really does make the weak strong.

It is not certain that Arion will be trained this year.

No Women

is beautiful with a bad skin, covered with pimples, freckles, moles, or tan. I have been asked many times what will remove these unwelcome blemishes. No face paints or powders will remove them, as they are caused by impure blood. The only sure remedy I have ever seen is Sulphur Bitters, and in hundreds of cases I have never known them to fail.—Editorial Fashion Gazette.

LOOKING FOR THE DOCTOR.

An Anxious Night Passed in Watching and Waiting.

One of the best stories in Mr. Barlow's delightful book, "A Window in Thimble," is entitled "Waiting for the Doctor." The mother and father, a cripple who had been out of the house, and seduced out of the room, for twenty years had gone early to bed, and the door of her bedroom in the kitchen was left ajar.

"The idea of carrying such a thing as that next your heart," said she.

"It does seem rather outrageous, doesn't it?" he said. "But when we were once married, all that sort of thing will be over. I'll see that she finds her level."

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GREAT SLIPPER SPREAD.

For the LADIES' stock Tuesday, April 12th.

We will spread our entire stock of ladies low shoes, oxfords and slippers for one day and offer choice of our entire stock at a straight out of 10 per cent from our already low prices. To make it more interesting, we will throw out 100 pairs of ladies fine Dongola lace oxfords, all sizes, our best \$1.50 oxford.

Tuesday's Price, 99c.

Here's the opportunity for men and boys. Improve it.

20 per cent off

of the marked price of any hat in our immense stock, except Dunlap's \$5.00 Derby.

Our regular marked prices are lower than the same goods can be had for elsewhere, and when one-fifth is taken off it makes a price

that will be very interesting to the purchaser.

J. H. ANDERSON & CO.

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at prices that defy

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BEFORE BUYING COME TO SEE ME.

Sam Frankel,

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